



Afflatus Creations

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Remembrance

Today, I sat down to write a poem about my Acha,
can there be a poem about him without my Amma?

They bunched like white and red roses,
like pansy blooms and faced gains and losses
with violet or orange blooms.

and rest together under the same soil as I lit their funeral pyres
within a short period of three years

I remember :

her, holding me close to the bosom and feeding me slowly,
under one night sky, twinkling stars and constellations.

he waits for me on rainy evenings in the bus shelter for my bus,
under the black umbrella, holds me close with his hands,
exchanging the day's tidings laugh loudly.

she rolled the brown rice ball sweetened with jaggery
telling about colourful birds and stars

he sits by my sick bedside, smiling with impish eyes,
gave me medicine, lay near me, pat my back till I turned sleepy.

Note -

I don't know why Father's Day and Mother's Day falls on different days.

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An Autumn Night's Warmth

Autumn moon of the October skies
falling brown leaves float down to heaps

the seasonal earthly fragrance soothes my nostrils
as I lie in my house looking at the moonlit flowing waters

A mute swan, having found its lifetime partner, caress
and its black eyeliner orange beaks kisses

Inspired by William Butler Yeats.

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